

Thy drugs are quicke. Thus with a kisse I die.

Enter Frier with Lanthorne, Crow, and Spade.

Fri. St. Francis be my speed, how oft to night
Haued my old feet stumbled at graues? Who's there?

Man. Here's one, a Friend, & one that knowes you well.

Fri. Blisse be vpon you. Tell me good my Friend
What Torch is yond that vainely lends his light
To grubs, and eyelesse Sculles? As I discerne,
It burneth in the Capels Monument.

Man. It doth so holy sir,
And there's my Master, one that you loue.

Fri. Who is it?

Man. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he bin there?

Man. Full halfe an houre.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Man. I dare not Sir.

My Master knowes not but I am gone hence,
And fearefully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to looke on his entents.

Fri. Stay, then Ile go alone, feares comes vpon me,
O much I feare some ill vnluckie thing.

Man. As I did sleepe vnder this young tree here,
I dreamt my maister and another fought,
And that my Maister slew him.

Fri. Romeo.

Alacke, alacke, what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this Sepulcher?
What meane these Masterlesse, and goarie Swords
To lie discoloured by this place of peace?
Romeo, oh pale: who elset what *Paris* too?
And sleept in blood? Ah what an vnkind houre
Is guiltie of this lamentable chance?
The Lady stirs.

Jul. O comfortable Frier, where's my Lord?

I do remember well where I should be:

And there I am, where is my *Romeo*?

Fri. I heare some noyse Lady, come from that nest
Of death, contagion, and vnaturall sleepe,
A greater power then we can contradict
Hath thwarted our entents, come, come away,
Thy husband in thy bosome there lies dead:
And *Paris* too: come Ile dispose of thee,
Among a Sisterhood of holy Nunnas:
Stay not to question, for the watch is comming.
Come, go good *Juliet*, I dare no longer stay. *Exit.*

Jul. Go get thee hence, for I will not away,
What's here? A cup clos'd in my true loves hand?
Poyson I see hath bin his timelesse end
O churle, drinke all, and let no friendly drop,
To helpe me after, I will kisse thy lips,
Happie some poyson yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.
Thy lips are warme.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead Boy, which way?

Jul. Yea noife?

Then ile be briefe. O happy Dagger,
Tis in thy sheath, there rust and let me die *Kills herselfe.*

Boy. This is the place,

There where the Torch doth burne

Watch. The ground is bloody,

Search about the Churchyard.

Go some of you, who ere you find atrach,
Pittifull sight, here lies the Countie slaine,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warme and newly dead

Who here hath laine these two dayes buried,
Go tell the Prince, runne to the Capulets,
Raife vp the Mountagues, some others search,
We see the ground whereon these woes do lye,
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter Romeo's man.

Watch. Here's *Romeo's* man,
We found him in the Churchyard.

Con. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come hither.

Enter Frier, and another Watchman.

3. *Wat.* Here is a Frier that trembles, sighes, and weepes:
We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.

Con. A great suspition, stay the Frier too.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. What misadventure is so earely vp,
That calls our person from our mornings rest?

Enter Capulet and his wife.

Cap. What should it be that they so shrike abroad?

Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*.

Some *Juliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne

With open outcry toward our Monument.

Pri. What feare is this which startles in your eares?

Wat. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* dead before,
Warne and new kil'd.

Prin. Search,
Seeke, and know how this foule murder comes.

Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughter'd *Romeo's* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.

Cap. O heauen!

O wife looke how our Daughter bleedes!

This Dagger hath mistaine, for loe his house

Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*.

And is misheathed in my Daughters bosome.

Wife. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell

That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

Enter Mountague.

Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp

To see thy Sonne and Heire now early downe.

Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,

Griefe of my Sonnes exile hath stopt her breath:

What further wee conspires against my age?

Prin. Look: and thou shalt see.

Moun. O thou vntrought, what manners is in this,

To presse before thy Father to a graue?

Prin. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head, their true descent,

And then will I be generall of your woes,

And lead you euen to death: meane time forbear,

And let mischance be slauie to patience,

Bring forth the parties of suspition.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to doe least,

Yet most suspected as the time and place

Doth make against me of this direfull murder:

And heere I stand both to impeach and purge

My selfe condemned, and my selfe excus'd.

Prin. Then say at once, what thou dost know in this?

Fri. I will be briefe, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*,

And she there dead, that's *Romeo's* faithfull wife:

I married them; and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tybalts* Doome day: whose vntimely death
Banish'd the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie:

For whom (and not for *Tybalts*) *Juliet* pinde.

You, to remoue that siege of Greefe from her,
Betroch'd, and would haue married her perforce
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to me,

And (with wilde lookes) bid me deuise some meanes

To rid her from this second Marriage,

Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.

Then gaue I her (so Tutor'd by my Art)

A sleeping Potion, which so tooke effect

As I intended, for it wrought on her

The forme of death. Meane time, I writ to *Romeo*,

That he should hither come, as this dyre night,

To helpe to take her from her borrowed graue,

Being the time the Portions force should cease.

But he which bore my Letter, *Frier Iohn*,

Was stay'd by accident; and yesternight

Return'd my Letter backe. Then all alone,

At the prefixed houre of her waking,

Came I to take her from her Kindreds vault,

Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell,

Till I conveniently could send to *Romeo*.

But when I came (some Minute ere the time

Other awaking) heere vntimely lay

The Noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.

Shee wakes, and I intreated her come forth,

And beare this worke of Heauen, with patience:

But then, a noyse did scarre me from the Tombe,

And she (too desperate) would not go with me,

But (as it seemes) did violence on her selfe.

All this I know, and to the Marriage her Nurse is priuy:

And ifought in this misfarr'd by my fault,

Let my old life be sacrific'd, some houre before the time,

Vnto the rigour of seuerest Law.

Prin. We still haue knowne thee for a Holy man.

Where's *Romeo's* man? What can he say to this?

Boy. I brought my Master newes of *Juliet's* death,

And then in poste he came from *Mantua*

To this same place, to this same Monument.

This Letter he early bid me giue his Father,

And threatned me with death, going in the Vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prin. Giue me the Letter, I will look on it.

Where is the Countie Page that rais'd the Watch?

Sirra, what made your Master in this place?

Page. He came with flowres to strew his Ladies graue,

And bid me stand aloofe, and so I did:

Anon comes one with light to ope the Tombe,

And by and by my Maister drew on him,

And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prin. This Letter doth make good the Friers words,

Their course of Loue, the tydings of her death:

And heere he writes, that he did buy a poyson

Of a poore Potheecarie, and therewithall

Came to this Vault to dye, and lye with *Juliet*.

Where be these Enemies? *Capulet*, *Mountague*,

See what a scourge is laide vpon your hate,

That Heauen finds meanes to kill your ioyes with Loue;

And I, for winking at your discords too,

Haue lost a brace of Kinsmen: All are punish'd.

Cap. O Brother *Mountague*, giue me thy hand,

This is my Daughters ioynture, for no more

Can I demand.

Moun. But I can giue thee more:

For I will raise her Statue in pure Gold,

That whiles *Verona* by that name is knowne,

There shall no figure at that Rate be set,

As that of True and Faithfull *Juliet*.

Cap. As rich shall *Romeo* by his Lady lye,

Poore sacrifices of our enmity.

Prin. A glooming peace this morning with it brings,

The Sunne for sorrow will not shew his head;

Go hence, to haue more talke of these sad things,

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished.

For neuer was a Storie of more Wo,

Then this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*.

Exeunt omnes

Gg

FINIS.

